

## Correspondence Column

## An Illustrated Story.

Dear Editor,—It has been such a long time since I have seen an illustrated story on the page that I am sending one illustrated by Emma, and I do hope I will win a prize. I know you think I am very, but you send me such delightful books as prizes that when I win one I nearly have it waiting for it. Willy and I were in the home last week, and we went down on the breakwater. There is about a mile of the breakwater, and I think it is the prettiest part of the home. While we were there a steamboat got stuck on the mud. She was a stranger around here and carried too deep a draft for that part of the Roads. It was only about half a mile off the breakwater. I read some short stories the other day. One was "Lord Alay Takes the Odds." I didn't like it at all, but the others were great. They were "A Hard Man" and "By the Turtles of Tugman." Well, members, we have two new sailors—Alayana Day, New Mexico. That means two more stars on the field of the "Star Spangled Banner" on the Fourth of July, 1912. That leaves only one Territory—Alaska—and the island possessions. I wonder when any of the others will enter. Three ships of the German fleet will come here on the 28th. I don't know exactly when they will be in the Roads, but I do know that I am going to see them. May 19 was Southern Memorial Day, and we did not go to St. John's because we had been somewhere else in the morning and were too tired, but we went to the old cemetery. The graves were decorated and the music was splendid. It made me feel as if I should think of all those Southern soldiers lying under the grass, and not ten of them over twenty-two years old. I feel sorry for the Union soldiers, too. One Union bugler was only sixteen years old. We carried some flowers over there, too. Which are your favorite poets, members? I believe I like Longfellow's best, but I am not certain, as I like poetry of any kind. I especially fond of Kipling's, though I have only read part of his "Three Sailors," and one he wrote to the late Rear-Admiral Evans, beginning—

"Zagbaun draws things with a pencil,  
And I do mine with a pen,  
But you sit up in a creaking tower,  
Rising eight hundred men."  
I've read "The Song of the Steam" by Min Allen, and have committed it to memory. One of the prettiest poems I have read was "Tools McGann—A Tale of the Chippewa Army Instruction" by a Runyon. I learned that also. I always thought I would like to read Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads," but never have. I have just got to close. HARRY T. CHADWICK.  
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

**Apple Blossoms and the Blue Danube.**  
Dear Editor,—I must write and tell you about the lovely walks we are taking now that summer is really here. Willy and I went out this morning to gather crab-apple flowers, and they were just lovely. The trees were just covered and we carried a great bunch of them to the cemetery and put on some friends' graves. We went to a concert last Friday, and Mr. Deola, the bandmaster, played "The Blue Danube" for us by our special request. It was grand, and I had a strong desire to get up and dance, but, of course, I couldn't. I will have to write more another time.  
HARRY T. CHADWICK.

**Little Creek Overflows.**  
Dear Editor,—I am sending a little story which I hope is good enough to be put on the page. My school will close the 7th of June, and I was real glad to see my story on that Sunday's paper. On Sunday, May 12, it rained so hard that the little creek behind our house overflowed and came up into our garden. With lots of love, your member,  
Wendhampton, Va. MARY E. MCDANIEL.

**Enjoying Reading the Page.**  
Dear Editor,—As it has been some time since I wrote you a letter I will now say that I enjoy reading the page, and looking at the pictures by the T. D. C. C. It is as much as ever. I am drawing you a picture, but I was not at my best when the work was done. Some day I hope to do better. Best wishes for all. I am, yours truly,  
Frederick, Va. CEDRIC S. BEVERLY.

**West Strawberry Hunting.**  
Dear Editor,—I received my pin and thank you so much for it. It is so pretty. I am sending you some jumbled flowers for next Sunday. I made them myself. We went out in the country last Friday and got strawberries off the vines, and they were so good. I wish all the T. D. C. C. children who live in a city could go with us again. It is such fun. Your little member,  
ELEANOR M. INGRAM.

**Will Do Their Best for Page.**  
Dear Editor,—Brother and I received our pins this morning. We are both pleased with them. Editor, I think it is real kind of you to give one whole sheet of your good paper to children. I am going to try my best for the T. D. C. C. page. It has been raining hard here for two days. I go out riding nearly every evening and riding the cows home. Brother and I think the T. D. C. C. page is doing good work. Editor, I think it would be real nice if you could visit the home of every little club member, but, of course, that would be impossible. Your members,  
MARY and KENT HOWARD.

**Wishes to Become a Member.**  
Dear Editor,—I wish to become a member of the T. D. C. C. I have been reading the Children's Page for some time and enjoy it very much. I am sending a story and hope to see it in print. I am ten years old. My cousin, Mary Yeatts, is a member. Please send me a badge. I also hope to see the letter in the correspondence column. I hope to soon win a prize. Yours truly,  
KATHERINE MILE TIGNOR.  
164 First Avenue, Highland Park, Richmond.

**A Constant Reader.**  
Dear Editor,—I have been a constant reader of the T. D. C. C. page for some time, and I like it very much. I thought I would like to surprise my friends. I am sending a story, which I would like to see in print. If I am successful I will try and send some poetry soon. Yours respectfully,  
MARY JANE BRANCH.  
66 Palmer Street, Petersburg, Va.

**Delighted to Be Prize Winner.**  
Dear Editor,—I certainly was delighted to find my name among the list of prize winners last Sunday. Thank you very much for it. Am so anxious to know what it is. I think the page is just fine, and am sending you another drawing, which I hope won't go in the wastebasket. I close with best wishes for you and all the club members. Yours truly,  
STEPHEN C. SUTTON.  
Bainbridge Street, South Richmond.

**Wants to Be Out-of-Doors.**  
Dear Editor,—Everything is so pretty and green around Westfield that you don't want to stay in the house at all. At least I don't. My sister and I often go on the hill after violets, dogwood, and other wild flowers. So many varieties grow on the hill. I suppose all the T. D. C. C. members are glad that spring is here and vacation time is drawing near.  
MARGARET E. MASON.  
Winifrede, Va.

**HYACINTHS.**  
Once there were two friends, Apollo and Hyacinthus. They loved each other dearly. They used to practice with the bow and arrow. They used to see which could shoot the farthest. But when one happened to get the better of the other neither would get mad. Every day they were seen together, sometimes fishing and sometimes taking pleasure excursions.  
One day the two were playing quoits. Apollo had just thrown the discus, and Hyacinthus ran to get it. The quoit rebounded and struck Hyacinthus in the forehead. Apollo saw that Hyacinthus was dying. He was greatly distressed and said, "Would that I could die for you." Since this could not be, he promised to keep him always in his memory. As he spoke—  
"A hyacinth lifted its purple bell  
From the slender leaves around it."  
The hyacinth, or hyacinthus, as we call it, is a very pretty flower. Many of us enjoy its beauty and perfume, but few know the myth concerning it.  
EDWARD HAWKINS.  
Staunton, Va.



## Editorial And Literary Department

## A Message From Your Editor

My Dear Girls and Boys:  
Your editor is not well enough to write you this week, but she sends you word by me that she is pleased with what you have done and hopes you will keep right on in the "house-fly" campaign," especially as to preventive measures in the way of keeping houses, markets, streets and food centres absolutely clean.

YOUR EDITOR.

**WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.**  
Miss Daisy B. Scott, Norwood, Va.  
Kent Howard, Floyd, Va.  
Miss Willie Ann Staples, Keyaville, Va.

**THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.**  
Allen, Edith  
Arthur, Helen G.  
Beverly, Cedric S.  
Beverly, Sewall  
Branch, Mary I.  
Broadrup, Helen  
Chadwick, William D.  
Chadwick, W. E.  
Chadwick, H. E.  
Collins, Florence  
Cunningham, John  
Dunkin, Mary E.  
Dixon, Mildred  
Fulcher, William W.  
Howard, Mary  
Howard, Kent  
Huntley, Helen  
Harris, Annie  
Harris, Fred  
Harris, Ida  
Herringer, Andrew  
Hawkins, Edward  
Ingram, Eleanor M.  
Ingram, Paul  
Johnston, Gertrude  
Walker, Lucy W.  
Yeatts, Mary F.

## A WAR ON FLIES.

A fly is a dangerous insect, about one-fourth as large as a bee. There are many kinds of flies. For instance, the yellow fly is a very vicious fly. He will bite when he has a good chance. Will the bite hurt? He is so small that you would not think it would hurt very much. It will fester and will become real sore. When a doctor will be called to attend to it, and it will be a long time before the bite is real well. There is a fly that is seen in the household of many families which brings all kinds of diseases, like typhoid fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever. When you catch these diseases you must go to bed with a doctor in attendance, and if it is a very malignant case a trained nurse is required. Very few people enjoy staying in bed two or three weeks in succession. To get rid of these flies is not as hard as you think it is. There are many different ways to get rid of them. The first thing you should get is some wire netting, or screens for the windows, and also for the doors that lead into the open air. Next, you could purify the air by burning some incense. Cut about one-third of a yard of netting and a piece of the stick and tack the netting on one end of the stick, and this will be called a fly catcher. Creep up close to a fly, then bring the catcher quickly down on the fly before he sees or hears you.

You should not let dirty water stay around the house, as that will produce flies.

ELISE WALLMAN.  
18 King Street, Newbern, N. C.

## THE HOUSE FLY.

The house fly is a very dangerous insect. It is dreaded by all, because it carries germs on its feet. Flies love unclean matter, and they crawl over it, and then over the food that we have to eat. So we should be careful to destroy the breeding places of them, and also screen our houses from them. It is very important to keep flies from the sick room, and from little babies, because they will carry the disease from the former.

## THE COLOR SERGEANT'S MISSION.

AMONG them was Anita. On hands and knees she crept among the dead and dying, searching for a well known face, looking for him who had given her the cockade on his coat as a token of remembrance. On every side was the gleam of blades, adrip with bloody dew and clenched tightly in the death grasp of those who would wield them no more. One broken off almost at the hilt caught her startled glance. Like the others it was stained with blood, and the owner was a mere boy of perhaps eighteen. His face was deathly white, beneath the tan and his fair curls were soaked in blood, but his identification was unmistakable, and clutching at the gray uniform, she called, "Bayard," and again "Bayard," but there was no answer. How long she looked, she did not know, but finally the deep gray eyes of the young sergeant opened and he called her name. For a few moments they talked together, speaking in whispers, as they heard the steady "drip, drip" of the lifeblood of a young Union officer nearby, who called painfully for his mother one moment, and

about Anita was her smile. So thought Bayard Cabell, color-sergeant of the Thirty-second Virginia, as he stood beneath the latticed arch of honey-suckle and wild roses and looked into the dark eyes. He had come to bid her a last good-by, for that very day the Thirty-second started for the front to aid in repelling Grant's cry of "On to Richmond!" And Anita smiled, smiling to encourage her brother, smiling because she did not know the real meaning of war and its horrors, did not know the pain and suffering of the boys in gray, the life, the loneliness and death and the hundreds of souls who went down in their first fight, down to eternity.

"Remember me, little sister," he whispered, as he took the tri-colored cockade from his coat and placed it among the chestnut tresses. "Remember me," and kissing her again he walked swiftly away to hide the tears he could not keep back. The troops were going to the front! Down the main street of the little town they swung with measured tread, Company B, of the First Infantry, and the Thirty-second Virginia Volunteer Light Artillery, and the band played loudly. Here come the colors, the banner of the regiment and the "Stars and Bars," the dear old "Stars and Bars." Here are waved and tossed in the air, and the people cheer, and the color-sergeant, a mere boy, with a lot of curly blonde hair and deep gray eyes smiles at a girl on an upper balcony, a slender girl of about fifteen, with a tri-colored cockade in her hand. And Anita waves the cockade and smiles and cheers the others.



She waved the cockade.

They have passed now, and creaking heels, with horses and orderlies, bring up the rear. The people cheer once more, and with the blast of trumpets and beat of drums, they turn the corner. The troops have gone! The men did not have far to go. Not two miles from the village, on a rolling field of clover, with scarlet blooms, they met a detachment of the enemy, and in less than an hour the field was covered with stains far redder than the clover blossoms—the blood of Southern martyrs. Twilight came and a solitary peace had fallen over the place, broken only by the moans of the wounded and dying. And then came the mothers and wives and sisters and sweethearts of those who had gone forth that morning to win or die (and died), searching for their dead, calling to those who would never again answer to their names.



On hands and knees, she crept among the dead.

The moral is easily seen: "Burdens borne for others become blessings." MARGARET E. MASON.  
Winifrede, Va.



FINIS

Composed by  
HARRY E. CHADWICK.  
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

## THE BURDEN-BEARERS.

Once upon a time birds had no wings, and therefore could not fly. One day an angel appeared in their midst, loaded with burdens. "Who will help me with my burdens?" said she. "I will," said the eagle, and willingly he took the heaviest of the angel's burdens. The other birds all followed his example, except the ostrich, who, lazy and selfish as he was, took only one tiny package. Presently a marvel happened. As the kind birds were carrying along the angel's things, they found to their amazement that the burdens were growing to their bodies. Probably they were rather frightened at this, but soon they rejoiced for their burdens turned to wings! The eagle, who carried the most, had stronger wings than any other bird. But because the ostrich had such a light load, her wings were too weak to fly with. That is why, although she is a bird, she cannot fly.

The moral is easily seen: "Burdens borne for others become blessings." MARGARET E. MASON.  
Winifrede, Va.

## THE NUTHATCH.

The nuthatch is protected by the law that forbids any one to kill it. If they do they are fined heavily for so doing. The nuthatch has a white breast, and is as big as an English sparrow. The nuthatch takes a nut and puts it in the bark of a tree and breaks it with his bill. That is why he is called the nuthatch.

## Puzzle Department



Things in the house. What are they? UNSIGNED.

## Hidden Flowers.



Name five hidden flowers. HELEN BROADRUP. Lorraine, Va.

## Fill Out Blanks.

1. As poor as a —  
As thin as a —  
As fat as a —  
As rough as a —  
As brave as a —  
As calm as a —  
As bright as a —  
As weak as a —  
As proud as a —  
As sly as a —  
As mad as a —  
As strong as an —  
As fair as a —  
As calm as a —  
As light as a —  
As firm as a —  
As green as a —  
As brisk as a —  
And now let me stop.  
Let you weary of me.  
Floyd, Va. MARY HOWARD.

## An Enigma.

"Beyond the dreams of avarice," are riches found in me:  
From me comes all the wealth there is, and more there is to be.  
I am the source of all supply, from me are purses fed:  
If I should close, the poor must die for want of daily bread.  
And yet I am a lovely thing, some serving maid may pull.  
And bring a cake for kitchen use, a hand or apron full.  
MARGARET E. MASON.  
Winifrede, Va.

## Geography Questions.

Name a lake in Louisiana that is the name of a boy.  
Name a river in Arkansas that is the name of a color.  
Name a city in Alabama that is the name of a girl.  
Name a city in Georgia that is the name of a great discoverer.  
Name a river in Florida that is the name of a mineral.  
Name a river in Florida that is the name of a race of people.  
Name a city in Mississippi that is the name of a river in the United States.  
Name a river in Michigan that is the name of a mineral.  
Name a river in Wisconsin that is the name of a large city.  
Name a cape in New Jersey that is the name of a month.  
Name two capes in Virginia that are names of two boys.  
MARGARET PROCTOR.  
Drakes Branch, Va.

## Jumbled Flowers.

1. Ydewaff.  
2. Aachnaw.  
3. Aachnaw.  
4. Bchisaw.  
5. Pace-Jamessine.  
6. Aachnaw.  
7. Aachnaw.  
ELEANOR M. INGRAM.

## Rebuckments.

1. If we behead a covering of the human head we get something which is all around us.  
2. If we behead a round toy we get everything.  
3. If we behead a form of a string we get a small animal.  
Willis, Va. ALMA L. KEMP.

## River Puzzles.

1. What river is round at both ends and high in the middle?  
2. What river in the Old World is the letter of the alphabet, something shipped on the trains, and another letter of the alphabet repeated several times?  
3. What river is a girl's name and a name for merchandise?  
Composed by ALMA KEMP.  
Willis, Va.

## ANSWERS.

Answers to "Birds in Figures," by Elizabeth Hall:  
1. Linnet.  
2. Robin.  
3. Bluebird.  
4. Wren.  
5. Dove.  
6. Pigeon.  
7. Pheasant.  
8. Sparrow.  
9. Cuckoo.  
10. Sparrow.

## Answer to "Names of Birds in Figures," by Dix Sutton:

Eagle.  
Partridge.  
Barn.  
Pigeon.  
Lark.  
Robin.  
Wren.

## Answer to "Girls' Names in Figures," by Stuart Beal:

1. Sallie.  
2. Ruth.  
3. Helen.  
4. Bessie.  
5. Louise.

## Answer to "Jumbled Names of Birds," by C. C. Beal:

Sparrow.  
Owl bird.  
Crane.  
Catbird.  
Robin.  
Lark.

## THE HOME BIRDS.

We all can have birds in our homes if we only try. Never throw a stone at any bird of any sort. Never, neither their nests, nor their little birds. They have as much right on earth as we. Try to be kind to them. Don't bother even a sparrow. If we are kind to all birds we will have them around us in flocks. If you are not kind to every thing they will not be kind to you. I can hear birds singing the summer through—the blue bird, woodchuck, robin, sparrow and wren. Any one can hear birds sing, if they never throw a rock at birds.  
PAUL G. SHEPHERD.  
Fishersville, Va.



WALTER POCKLINGTON.

## GERTRUDE JOHNSTON.

## DAISY B. SCOTT.

## ANDREW HETTINGER.

## PAUL WETZLER.

## STEPHEN SUTTON.

## FLORENCE COLLINS.

## MARY E. HOWARD.

## MARY F. YEATTS.